

PORT ROYAL STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

VOL. IV. NO. 44.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1876.

\$2.00 per Annum. Single Copy 5 Cents.

The Fearful Little Maid.

She stands within the daisied field,
A little maiden all alone;
And bending down she takes a flower,
And plucks its petals one by one.
"He loves me well; he does not love";
Trembling, weeping, now is she.
"Ah, does he love? or loves he not?
I cannot try! I dare not see!"
Her heart is beating loud and fast,
Her dawning tears are like a pall;
She dries not her eager step,
She does not see the shadow fall.
The flower is taken from her hand,
Swiftly the petals he removes.
"He loves—loves not—he loves—loves not."
See, darling!—"tis the last—he loves!"
—Fanny Barrow.

A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

Two women, sisters, kept the toll-bar at a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart from the village, and they often felt uneasy at night, being lone women. One day they received a considerable sum of money, bequeathed them by a relation, and that set the simple souls all in a flutter. They had a friend in the village, the blacksmith's wife; so they went and told their fears. She admitted that theirs was a lonesome place, and she would not live there, for one, without a man. Her discourse sent them home downright miserably. The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his dinner. "The fools!" said he; "how is anybody to know they have got brass in the house?" "Well," said the wife, "they made no secret about it to me; you need not go for to tell it to all the town—poor souls!" "Not I," said the man; "but they will publish it, never fear; leave women folks alone for making their own trouble with their tongues." There the subject dropped, as man and wife have things to talk about besides their neighbors. The old women at the toll-bar, what with their own fears and their Job's comforter, began to shiver with apprehension as night came on. However, at about the carrier passed through the gate, and at the sight of his friendly face they brightened up. They told him their care, and begged him to sleep in the house that night. "Why, how can I?" said he. "I am due at —; but I will leave you my dog." The dog was a powerful mastiff.

The women looked at each other expressively. "He won't hurt us, will he?" sighed one of them, tautly. "Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he called the dog into the house, and told them to lock the door, and went away whistling. The women were left contemplating the dog with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite. At first he seemed staggered at this offhand proceeding of his master; it confounded him, then he sniffed at the door; then, as the wheels retreated, he began to see plainly that he was an abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl and flew at the door, scratching and barking furiously. The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window screaming to the carrier: "Come back! come back, John! He is tearing the house down!" "Drat the varmint!" said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good natured fellow took his grates out of the cart and laid it down on the floor. The mastiff instantly laid himself on it. "Now," said John, sternly, "let us have no more nonsense; you take charge of that till I come back, and don't ye let nobody steal that there, nor ye't 'rises brass. There now," said he, "I will be back this way breakfast time, and he won't budge till then."

"And he won't hurt us, John?" "Lord, no! Bless your heart, he is as sensible as any Christian; only, Lord sake, woman! don't ye go to take the coat from him, or ye'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all." He retired, and the old women kept at a respectful distance from their protector. He never molested them; and, indeed, when they spoke cajolingly to him he even wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as they moved about, he squinted at them out of his bloodshot eye in a way that checked all desires on their part to try on the carrier's coat. Thus protected they went to bed earlier than usual; they did not undress; they were too much afraid of everything, especially their protector. The night wore on, and presently their sharpened senses let them know that the dog was getting restless; he sniffed and then he growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightway with furniture they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them. But, by and by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and a grating outside the window of the room where the dog was, and he continued growling low. This was enough; they slipped out at the back door, and left their money to save their lives; they got into the village. It was pitch dark, and all the houses black but two; one was the public house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house. Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friend's house. "Oh! Jane, the thieves have come!" and they told her in a few words all that had happened.

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man, and let him go with us." "My man—he is not here." "Where is he then?" "I suppose he is where other workingmen's husbands' are, at the public house," she said, rather bitterly, for she had her experience. The old woman wanted to go to the public house for him; but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and, besides, she thought it was most

likely a false alarm. "Nay, nay," said she, "last time I went in for him there I got a fine affront. 'I'll come with you,' said she. 'I'll take the poker, and we have got our tongues to raise the town with, I suppose.' So they marched to the toll-bar. When they got near it, they saw something that staggered this heroine. There was actually a man half in and half out of the window. This brought the blacksmith's wife to a standstill, and the timid pair implored her to go back to the village. "Nay," said she, "what for? I see but one—and—hark!" it is my belief that the dog is holding of him." However, she thought it safe to be on the same side with the dog, lest the man might turn on her. She made her way into the kitchen, followed by the other two, and there a slight met her eyes that changed all her feelings, both toward the robber and toward each other. The great mastiff had pinned a man by the throat, and was pulling at him, to draw him through the window, with fierce but muffled snarls. The man's weight alone prevented it. The window was like a picture frame, and in that frame there glared, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, the white face of the village blacksmith, their courageous friend's villainous husband. She uttered an appalling scream and flew upon the dog and choked him with her two hands. He held, and growled, and tore until he was all but throttled himself, then he let go and the man fell. But what struck the ground outside, like a lump of lead, was, in truth, a lump of clay; the man was quite dead, and fearfully torn about the throat. So did a comedy end in an appalling and most piteous tragedy; not that the souldier himself deserved any pity, but his poor, brave, honest wife, to whom he had not dared confide the villainy he had meditated.

The outlines of this true story were in several journals. I have put the disjointed particulars together as well as I could. I have tried hard to learn the name of the village, and what became of this poor widow, but have failed hitherto. Should these lines meet the eye of any one who can tell me, I hope he will, and without delay.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

The wife makes the home, and the home makes the man.
Hope never spreads her golden wings but on unfathomable seas.
The most laudable ambition is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.

To think kindly of each other is good; but to act kindly toward one another is best of all.

Defiance is the most complicate, the most indirect, the most elegant and effective of compliments.

Few things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application rather than means that men fail of success.

Many a life, that might have been most efficient if rightly directed, has been lost to the world, and doomed to mortifying failure, because men have not been sufficiently developed to know their own peculiar endowments, or to make intelligent choice of a vocation.

Irresolution loosens all the joints of a State; like an ague it shakes not this or that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another, and hath no place left to rest on. He flecks from one egg to another, so hatches nothing, but adles all his action.

Not enjoyment, but rectitude, is the chief good, both in this life and the life which is to come. Enjoyment flows from rectitude; but the fountain is high and pure than the stream. Enjoyment is often an end unworthy to be sought. Rectitude is always to be desired above all things.

Friendship is a vase which when it is flayed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once—never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones if they are fractured may be cemented again, precious ones never.

It is not you who, on your deathbed, quit us; it is that sin that quits you; it is not you who detach yourself from the world, it is the world that detaches itself from you. It is not you who break your bonds, it is your bonds which break of themselves through the fragility common to our nature. It is easy to see that he who condemns the irregularity of his own life only at the moment when he is obliged, in spite of himself, to resign it, does not condemn them from conviction, but necessity.

Woman's Rights.

An exchange says: On the return trip of the excursion train from Harper's Ferry a lady, whose avoirdupois is something in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, having ridden a long distance, "standing and in silence," approached a high-toned young man, who was enjoying two seats all to himself: "Sir," said the fat lady, "can you not make room for me on that seat?" "Well, pon honor, madam, I am sorry but I am—ah—reserving this for my wife ah, you wred I am," was the reply.

The old lady swelled up nearly twice her natural size, and, having taken in a full supply of breath, she let out with: "You nasty gold spectacled snob, you ain't got no more of a wife than I have; you are trying to save that seat so as you can put on airs and lay down and go to sleep when you feel like it. Git up out of that or I'll smother you to death with my shawl!" "Well, madam."

"Don't madam me, I'm single; git up, I tell you," and with that she seized the young man by the back of the neck and raised him as high as the roof of the car would admit, and calmly dropped into the vacated seat, much to the merriment of the excursionists, who were just in the proper mood for fun and frolic.

The Conjuror's Basket Trick.

We derive from Mr. Frost's "Lives of the Conjurors" a description written by the Rev. Mr. Caunter of the basket trick common among the conjurers of India: A stout, ferocious-looking fellow stepped forward, with a common wicker basket of the country, which he begged we should carefully examine. The wicker texture, and the fact that it was of the slightest of apertures. Under this fragile covering he placed a child about eight years old. When she was properly secured, the man, with a lowering aspect, asked her some question, which she instantly answered, and, as the thing was done within a few feet from the spot on which we were seated, the voice appeared to come so distinctly from the basket that I felt at once satisfied there was no deception.

They held a conversation for some moments, when the juggler, almost with a scream of passion, threatened to kill her. There was a stern reality in the whole scene which was perfectly disarming; it was acted to the life, but terrible to see and hear. The child was heard to beg for mercy, when the juggler seized a sword, placed his foot upon the frail wicker covering under which his supposed victim was so piteously supplicating his forbearance, and, to my absolute consternation and horror, plunged it through, withdrawing it several times, and repeating the plunge with all the blind ferocity of an excited demon. By this time his countenance exhibited an expression fearfully indicative of the most frantic of human passions. The shrieks of the child were so real and distressing that they almost curdled for a few moments the whole mass of my blood; my first impulse was to rush upon the monster, and fell him to the earth; but he was armed and I defenseless. I looked at my companions—they appeared to be pale and paralyzed with terror; and yet these feelings were somewhat neutralized by the consciousness that the man could not dare to commit a deliberate murder in the broad eye of day, and before so many witnesses; still the whole thing was appalling.

The blood ran in streams from the basket; the child was heard to struggle under it; her groans fell horribly upon the ear; her struggles smote painfully upon the heart. The former were gradually subdued into a faint moan, and the latter into a slight rattling sound; we seemed to hear the last convulsive gasp which was to see her innocent soul free from the gored body, when to our inexpressible astonishment and relief, after muttering a few cabalistic words, the juggler took up the basket; but no child was to be seen. The spot was indeed dyed with blood; but there were no mortal remains, and, after a few moments of undissembled wonder, we perceived the little object of our alarm coming toward us from among the crowd. She advanced and saluted us, holding out her hand for our donations, which we bestowed with hearty good will; she received them with a most graceful salaam, and the party left us gratified. What rendered the deception the more extraordinary was that the man stood aloof from the crowd during the whole performance—there was not a person within several feet of him.

High Hash Talk.

A dialogue occurred at a Detroit boarding house, according to the *Free Press*, between an effeminate, shabbily dressed young man and the landlady, which for ponderous rhetoric exceeds anything of a similar nature that has been the light in some time. The landlady appeared at the front door, in answer to the bell, and was accosted by the young man as follows:

"If you are manager of this domicile I wish to know if you could be persuaded to provide me with apartments and provisions during my journey in the city, which may last two or three days, duration and may possibly extend through a greater period."

The mistress of the house, catching the style and spirit of the inquirer, responded: "Unfortunately, a great demand exists at present, which so crowds the capacity of my apartments and the contents of my larder that I cannot conscientiously provide the accommodations you desire."

Evidently the young man had expected to completely crush the landlady with his command of the English language, but his disappointment was plainly shown in the look of blank amazement which he bestowed upon her after hearing her reply. He was not completely annihilated, however, for he continued: "Provided you could, madam, pray what amount of money would you impose upon me for accommodating me?"

"Eight dollars a week in advance," was too suggestive, and as the young man backed down the steps he simply said "good-day."

The Turkish Empire.

The sultan of Turkey, who has just been dethroned, may pass into history as Murad the Unlucky. He came to the government just three months ago, in the middle of a violent and bewildering political commotion. He ascended a throne made vacant by the bloody death of his uncle, and, captured by the leaders of the palace conspiracy, was made sultan whether he would or no. Murad was thought to be a very tolerant prince, and great expectations were entertained of his reign. Nobody knows what has been going on in the shadow of the palace; but from time to time it has been given out that the new sultan was going to pieces very fast. Lately it was announced that his mind was a wreck, and that his deposition had become necessary. This step has now been fulfilled, and Abdul Hamed, brother of the falling Murad, and second son of the late Abdul Medjid, has been proclaimed his successor. Hamed is about thirty-four years old, and is reputed to be a fair sort of prince, as Turkish prince go, which is faint praise. Like his brother, he succeeds to the government of a distracted, wornout, and impoverished empire.

THE HARVEST FESTIVALS.

How the Germans About New York Celebrate the Event of a Bountiful Harvest.

Every year when the harvest is in the German people about New York hold a harvest gathering on Union Hill, New Jersey. At these gatherings the festival of the Fatherland are indulged in. At the festival this year the chief event of the day was a rural wedding in Plattdeutsch country style, the bridegroom being Alfred Dehmeke, a newsdealer of Hoboken, and Minnie Konig, a blooming maid, born in Philadelphia, but for some time residing on her father's farm in Jersey. Three gaily decorated wagons, containing the bridal party, and a set of household furniture, made the circuit of the grounds, preceded by a band of music and a messenger on horseback, dressed in a velvet coat with silver buttons, velvet knee breeches, top boots, and a stiff hat ornamented with ribbons and gold lace. The messenger was the "wedding inviter," and as in the old country, summoned the guests. His horse was decorated with ribbons, and the two made a gay spectacle. In the bridal party were the parents of the groom and bride, the groomsmen, Capt. Aery and Mr. Duerkop, and twelve bridesmaids, with caps of gold cloth and velvet bodies in the North German country fashion. The bride was similarly attired. The bridegroom was dressed as a German farmer, in velvet coat and breeches and a three-cornered hat decorated with flowers and ribbons. The Rev. Dr. F. I. Schneider, of the Lutheran church, a resident of New York, was the officiating clergyman.

The nuptial tie was adjusted in front of the North German farm house, a red, high-roofed structure built in exact imitation of the German article. A real wedding ceremony was performed in the same house at the festival last year, and a bouncing boy lives to-day to serve as a reminder of it. The bridal couple stood on a platform before the house. A table set with flowers, and bearing two candelsticks, which could not be lighted on account of the wind, stood beside them.

The clergyman preached a short sermon, the bridal pair answered questions about the same as those in vogue here, and they were pronounced man and wife. The twelve bridesmaids kissed the bride, and friends and relatives proffered their congratulations. After the Rev. Dr. F. I. Schneider, the president of the Plattdeutsch Association gave the bridal couple fifty dollars, Capt. Aery gave a complete kitchen outfit, and a clock was presented by some other friend. Numerous minor gifts were received.

The interior of the farm house was one of the most interesting spectacles on the grounds. The main room was the spacious kitchen, with its big brick oven, over which the huge chimney hung like a porch to receive the smoke. Overhead was a partial ceiling of wood, between which and the rafters was a store of hay. At one side, separated from the room only by a railing, were stalls for the horses and cows. Hams and sausages hung from the beams, and two brightly scoured pester dishes adorned the walls. The kitchen opened into two rooms, in one of which was a huge, old-fashioned peat stove, that was imported from Germany. The festival lasted four days. There was a real christening in the farm house.

Pearl Fishing in Scotland.

Pearl fishing, once common in the rivers of England, is now no longer an industry in that country, but the search for pearls is still prosecuted in some of the Scotch rivers, apparently with more vigor than success. The fishings in the shallow waters of the Dee (Kirkcubrightshire) have of late years become exhausted, and all the ingenuity of the pearl seekers had to be called into play in the search in the lochs and deep pools in the river's course. During the last three years tongs have been used with fair success, and the parts thus reached have been thoroughly fished. Beginning on the lee side, the boat is allowed to drift, the fisher leaning over, with his head literally in the water, but protected by a tin box, through the plate glass bottom of which he scans the bottom of the loch, perhaps thirty feet below, but to his eye not more than a tenth of that distance. On a series of poles, jointed after the fashion of a sweep's broom, is a landing net, with steel scoops, into which the fisher sweeps every shell that comes beneath his gaze. In this way, and with much industry, a large number of pearls have been obtained, many of them of considerable value; but in another season or two the whole will be exhausted, and the pearl and fishery of the Dee will become a thing of the past. It is to be regretted that the jewel robbers in England do not search the rivers for the pearls which, during the occupation of Britain by the Romans, were found in large quantities in the fresh water mussels.

Appeasing Him.

Thompson, the artist, is of a somewhat testy disposition. His charming wife knows this, and whenever her lord and master wears a frowning brow, hastens to appease him by some of the myriad little foolishnesses so becoming in young brides. The other day she was out of town, and Thompson embraced the opportunity to dismiss a fat and stupid serving man whom he abominated. Half an hour a terward, as he is at work in his studio, he hears a scratch like that of a dog, but not that of a dog: "Bow! Wow!" He opens the door. It is the servant. "You infernal fool, what do you mean?" "Oh, I had noticed that my mistress often appeased you so!"

AN EXCITING EXPLOSION.

What was Done by a Driver while Struggling with a Burning Dynamite.

While transporting a wagon load of dynamite from one storehouse to another in St. Louis the other day, Frederick Julian was dragged forty or fifty yards, a wagon was smashed, and several buildings leveled to the ground. The driver was only slightly injured, and was able the next day to give a very intelligent account of the explosion.

"We have two powder magazines," he said, "in which we store our giant powder. One is Lovell and the other is the Seven Mile House. In the former we had a lot of damaged powder, some of which had been stored there for more than a year and a half. I went up to remove some of this damaged powder from the Lovell magazine to the other, to have it renovated. I put four inches of sawdust in the wagon and then put in ten fifty-pound cases of powder, on the top of which I put twenty empty boxes that I desired also to remove. This heaped the wagon up full, so that I had not even room to put my feet down on the bottom of the wagon bed. I drove out to Bellefontaine road. I didn't smoke any on the way. Near the gate of the cemetery I smelled smoke. The remotest idea how the fire could have been started, but I immediately comprehended that my load was burning. I reached down, dropped the reins and pulled out the nearest box. When I lifted it I saw that it was on fire on the back side. I tossed it out of the wagon and caught hold of the box nearest to me, which was burning still more. I threw that out, too, and in doing so burned my hands pretty badly. Then I saw that the fire had started pretty well back, and was burning in the sawdust and all along under the empty boxes, so that I could not possibly get it to put it out. My horse began to be frightened, too, and if you know anything about dynamite you know that when it takes fire it burns with an intense heat. I was therefore afraid that if the load burned there it might set fire to some of the houses. Accordingly I let the horses go toward the common.

"By that time the flames were blazing upon the boxes and I detected the peculiar odor of the burning dynamite. I jumped off the wagon and un hitched the horses. At the same time a lot of men came out and began tearing Mrs. Clark's fence to prevent it from taking fire. I led the horses about twenty or thirty feet away from the wagon and stood holding them by the head and looking at the thing as it burned. The men had the fence torn down and were standing a little back, but between Mrs. Clark's house and the wagon looking at the blaze, so you can know it must have burned violently for some time. I was standing, as I said, only just so as to be out of range of the heat, with the horses between me and the wagon, when the explosion came. It was an awful noise, but it did not stun me so but that I lunged to the horses and was dragged forty or fifty yards in a state of bewilderment. Then I lost hold of the horses, but they ran only a few yards, and I went up and caught them. They were not much hurt."

"I started with 500 pounds. I threw out two boxes containing 100 pounds, and from the length of time it was burning I judge that half the remainder was consumed before the explosion came. That would leave 200 pounds. It was heard four or five miles in every direction. The force of the explosion didn't seem to come my way at all. The stuff is queer about the direction of its violence. It strikes mostly down. There were plenty of men between the wagon and Mrs. Clark's house, yet the house was shattered and the men only slightly hurt."

Power Better than Law.

Commodore Vanderbilt was once advised "to get the law" of a certain matter. "Law!" he exclaimed; "why, I have the power already." Long before the famous Erie litigation fell into such a hopeless tangle that he and Mr. Drew were compelled to settle their quarrel themselves, he had conceived a great contempt for the courts of justice. His first experience in the courts was in the course of the steamboat litigation which grew out of the charters granted to Fulton and Livingston by the New York Legislature, and which Chief Justice Marshall brought to an end in 1824 by deciding that the State could not grant an exclusive right of navigation. Capt. Vanderbilt, in 1818, took command of the steamboat Bellona, of New York and New Brunswick line, which was chartered by the New Jersey Legislature. The *Troy Press* describes his first appearance in court: He was arrested by the sheriff of New York on an attachment for contempt, and taken before the awful presence of the great Chancellor Kent, at Albany, to answer to the charge of violating an injunction awarded in the case of John R. Livingston against Aaron Ogden and Thomas Gibbons, prohibiting Gibbons, his agents and servants, from navigating with any boat or vessel propelled by steam or fire in the waters in the bay of New York, or in the Hudson river between Staten Island and Bowles' hook. The chancellor held that as Vanderbilt was not in the employment of Gibbons, and as Gibbons had not been running the Bellona since the injunction was served, and that as no collusion had been shown between Gibbons and Tompkins, Vanderbilt must be discharged from the attachment with costs.

A Desperate Experiment.

An abiding clerk in the Sault Ste. Marie canal office adopted a clever though perilous plan to escape arrest. He took passage on a propeller and, rightly judging that the law officers would be in readiness to receive him with open arms the moment the steamer made her first landing, he donned a life preserver and quietly jumped overboard when about a mile from shore. He left behind him a few words written on a paper collar, politely apologizing to the captain for having made free with the life preserver, and promising to remit its value if it proved to be worth anything. As nothing has been heard of the desperate navigator it is feared that he will never remit.

Witchcraft in France.

At Monthrisson, France, not long ago, the magistrates were called upon to adjudge a somewhat singular case. Jean-Marie Baron, aged thirty-seven, a well-to-do farmer of Poncins, had for three or four years entertained the hallucination that some of his neighbors, jealous of his prosperity, had combined to injure him by witchcraft. His cows fell sick, his wheat withered and he himself had singular fits of oppression and despondency at the sight of the objectionable persons. He consulted several doctors, even going to Lyons for treatment, but as they all denied his story he resolved to put in practice the remedy suggested by a village crone—namely: to draw blood from each of his persecutors. Accordingly he armed himself with a number of stout pins with glass heads, hid himself near the parish church door on a procession day, when the whole community would naturally gather there, and falling suddenly upon his victims planted a pin in each with remarkable vehemence. Mr. and Mrs. Reynaud and Miss Jeannette Badieu complained to the police of the assault. Baron declared with an air of happiness that he was guilty; that he bore no ill-will to the complainants; that he had to do what he had done, and it had proved effectual, as he and his cattle had recovered their health. The judge endeavored to convince him that he had never been possessed, but the prisoner retorted unanswerably that until he had assaulted his tormentors he had suffered, whereas from the very moment that he had drawn blood he and his beloved cattle had enjoyed perfect health, so that infallibly he must in the first place have been bewitched. He was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, receiving his punishment gleefully, "since," he said, "that is not so much to undergo as the price of the recovery of one's health and luck."

International Entomology.

The Toronto (Can.) *Globe*, in an editorial article on the grasshopper pest in the Western States, says: The experience of the last four years has demonstrated that the grasshoppers are irresistible while healthy. Therefore their parasites must be aided in their efforts to overtake them, and individual effort can do little or nothing in this direction. If it is anybody's business to fight the locusts, it is the business of the United States and Dominion governments, in both of whose territories lie the lands from which the *calopterus* descends. Killing the insects after they have arrived in Minnesota or Manitoba is a poor business—in fact a hopeless one. To prevail against them their habits and those of their enemies must be studied at their homes; and, if needs be, the two governments must go into the business of raising parasites and letting them loose upon the country. This may seem to savour of the ridiculous; but when it is considered that these visitations are periodic, and, unless something is done, inevitable, the absurdity of the suggestion will be less apparent. Say ten years will elapse before the next flight from the Rockies. At the end of that time Manitoba and the Northwest will have received many thousands of settlers, who will be just turning the corner after their first struggles. Hitherto it has been the own States that have suffered. Our own country having been undeveloped, we have not had the full force of a locust plague brought home to us. If we had received of our kinsmen and countrymen abandoned, hopes crushed and imminent starvation that have come from Minnesota, Nebraska and Iowa, we should be willing to take any means to prevent the recurrence of the calamity, or to mitigate its horrors.

A Useful Invention.

A San Francisco inventor is exhibiting in that city a model of an anchor which is thus described by a local journal: It has two shanks, the one half the length of the other, and the shorter connected with the longer at the middle by a bolt, on which it swings freely. When suspended by the short shank the point of the fluke of the anchor cannot fall to strike the ground. The chain is intended to be attached to this short shank. The main shank, on which the stock of the anchor is fixed, is curved upward at the point where the chain ring is in ordinary anchor, and a mortise in the short shank permits it to fall over it, which is the position it will assume as soon as the fluke strikes, and in which position it will remain as long as the strain of the vessel is on the chain. The object of the invention is to enable the anchor to be raised with ease. By the methods now in use the ground in which the fluke of the anchor is imbedded has to be torn out, or the fluke itself will give way. With the movable shank in the new contrivance the inventor asserts that the anchor can be raised to the surface with the same ease that it is lowered, and the fluke is required to come up precisely the same way it went down, without tearing out any of the ground in which it is imbedded. It is also arranged that a reserve fluke can be adjusted to take the place of the one in use in case of accident.

Hay Fever.

The writer of a recent work on hay fever adduces several instances to establish the fact that the disease has no tendency to shorten the duration of life. Daniel Webster suffered from it to the last year of his life, and he died at the age of seventy; Chief Justice Shaw of the Massachusetts supreme court, who had been a subject for many years, died at eighty; another gentleman at eighty-four; Mr. Samuel Batchelder is still living at ninety-two, and another gentleman is still living at the age of thirty years. The great English humorist, Sydney Smith, whose piquant account of his sufferings from the symptoms of his disease will be remembered by the readers of his correspondence, lived to the age of seventy-four. Thus far no medicine has had much effect in the treatment of the disease. The only remedy which has been found uniformly successful in a variety of cases is change of climate, and removal of residence to a mountainous region.

The Soul's Hope.

Behold! We know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.

Items of Interest.

"Flooding and pleteing done" is an Eighth ave. (New York) sign.

The champion whittler lives in Michigan. He has whittled for three months, and now has a chain six feet long made from a single pine stick.

A traveler stepped into the cottage of an English farm hand at supper time and saw on the table a sweetmeat, with ham and peas and new potatoes.

A lawyer at the bar was held to be in contempt for simply making a motion in court. It was ascertained, however, that he made a motion to throw an inkstand at the head of the court.

Listz recently played one of his own compositions for an American musician named Boise, and Boise's criticism is: "He played in a way calculated to make one's hair defy hair oil."

There is a growing conviction in the minds of smokers that a vest pocket should be made deep enough to entirely hide a cigar from the scrutinizing gaze of the man that never has any.

A Kentucky farmer says that his old sow is in the habit of chewing out grapevines that grow upon convenient trees, and with the tree end in her mouth, swinging over the fence into a cornfield.

A granite block weighing thirty tons was recently taken from the quarries near Hallowell, Me. Another block weighing forty tons is soon to be brought out. It will require forty oxen to move it.

An eminent New York physician attributes much of the prevalence of diphtheria to the common practice of turning down the wicks of kerosene oil lamps until they emit a strong smell of oil.

One person of every 259 in Cincinnati dies by suicide. Sixty-two per cent. of the self-murderers are German. The proportion of the sexes is five men to one woman, and the most popular method is hanging.

A man in Buffalo pulled off his coat and jumped in the canal to save a woman from drowning, when a pickpocket stole his pocketbook from the coat, and the woman swore at him for pulling her hair in his efforts to save her life.

The Oldtown Indians, who live near Bangor, Me., have a law requiring everybody to be at home by nine o'clock in the evening. One of the Indians was caught out at ten o'clock the other night and sent to jail for thirty days.

The English press is greatly interested in the shipment of beef packed in ice chests from New York to Liverpool. If the experiment succeeds, American beef can be placed in the English market at a price twenty-five per cent. below the current rate.

When a common school teacher in the West found upon his examination papers the question: "How does a ship at sea find its latitude and longitude?" he arose to the occasion and promptly wrote: "It finds its longitude hot and its latitude cold."

Up in Rutland, Vt., a man has just had a piece of window glass more than two inches long taken from his leg, where it had been for eighteen years. It may truly be said that during the entire period he has never been absolutely free from pain.

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening watching their fantastic shapes when the boy exclaimed: "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky." "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky terrier."

A Burlington schoolboy views the advent of school days without a tremor, because, he says, he is paired to an ox that he feeds, the him without quivering every day, worse than ever his teacher did, nor is he the only unhappy boy in town; he says he knows a cwt. the return of school days with eager impatience.

Carrier pigeons have been put to an ingenious use by a physician on the Isle of Wight. After visiting his patients in each village, the doctor writes out his prescriptions, affixes one to the leg of a pigeon, and sends the bird one. Thus the prescriptions are made up at once, and the medicines are dispatched speedily to those living at a distance.

A tailor and his son were in the olden days doing a day's work at a farmhouse. The prudent housewife, to secure a good day's work, lighted candles when daylight began to fade. The tailor looked to his son and said: "Jook, confound them that invented workin' by candlelight." "Ay," replied the young snip, "or daylight either, father."

A lawyer was out sailing at Yarmouth a few days since, and as the boat went bowling along he enthusiastically exclaimed: "This is worth a dollar a minute!" About fifteen dollars' worth later this same gentleman was bending over the taffrail, faint and limp, casting his bread upon the waters, and declaring that he would never go out sailing again.

John Anderson, the first man who ascended the great South Dome in the Yosemite valley, California, lives alone in a small house near the saddle of the dome. He is hard at work constructing a staircase of a thousand steps up the side. He hopes to have an elevator running in time, and is also working on a model of a steam car that shall carry passengers up the almost perpendicular walls.

Patient to his doctor—"And it is really true that I shall recover?" "Infallibly," answers the man of medicine, taking from his pocket a paper full of figures. "Here, look at the statistics of your case; you will find that one per cent. of those attacked by your malady are cured." "Well," says the sick man, in an unsatisfied manner. "Well, you are the hundredth person with this disease that I have had under my care, and the first ninety-nine are all dead."